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at play. It was said that a girl, of course, would never think of attempting to break into a group of boys. 857 524

Sometimes a group of boys tried to break up the girls' play. One way they pestered them was to wait until they were about to slide down a hill. Just as a girl would be ready to start, one of the boys would grab one of her legs and spin her around so that she would go down the hill backwards.

A favorite sport among boys involved skill in shooting arrows.[4] One game was to plant a marked arrow as a target. Then two boys would shoot two arrows each, and the one whose arrow came closest to the marker would take the arrows of his opponent. Sometimes they would see who could shoot the greatest distance. An interesting variation was to fasten a bow to upright sticks, one stick shorter than the other, so that the bow slanted with the string up. The player would stand on one side of the bow and tap the arrow against the bowstring to get the string vibrating, and when he judged the vibration sufficient to send the arrow toward the marker about 35-40 feet distant, he would release the arrow. Then another player would try his luck. The one who came closer to the marker would take the arrow of the one who lost. 857 526

Boys played a variant of the hoop and pole game. The hoop was larger than that used in the game as played by adults and a split stick was used as lance. The thrower aimed at the center of the wheel and, if he hit it, the shot was called "the crow." Another wheel game played by boys was rolling hoops made of green willow wrapped with willow bark. There were no cross-pieces in this wheel which was about 16 inches in diameter. Two teams lined up and the hoop was rolled as swiftly as possible by a member of one team while the members of the opposing team by shooting arrows tried to hit the rim of the hoop. If one succeeded and thus stopped the wheel, he retrieved his arrow, placed the hoop against a rock and had a chance to hit the rim while the hoop was at rest.

Occasionally there was trouble between boys who were contesting. Thick told of one occasion when he and his partner were betting against two other boys. Thick himself happened to make the winning point by splitting the upright arrow at which they 857 526 578

[4] Some boys' games are described by Kroeber, 1908, pp. 186–87.

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857 526 578 were shooting. "Just as I leaned down to pick up the arrows which had been bet and fairly won, one of the other boys got mad and shot at me. The arrow hit my hand and I bear the scar to this day. On another occasion at the same kind of game, my partner and I won, and one of the boys of the opposing couple hit both of us over the head with his bow. My people always discouraged me from fighting—I was a shy boy in any case—but my partner took the bow away from one of our opponents and in turn hit him over the head. The opponent ran home and reported to his parents. His mother was the kind who took up for her sons and so she came toward my partner and me. My partner was still angry and called out to the woman: 'We are going to shoot you with our arrows if you come any closer!' Whereupon the woman turned around and went back without saying anything. When our parents heard of this, however, both my partner and I were given a good tongue-lashing for having threatened a woman."

[861]

857 578 In summer, boys of the same band playing together as a group expected a fight if they came in contact with a group from another band. While sometimes they used bows and arrows in this type of fighting, more often they used mud balls propelled from the end of a willow stick about three feet long. Thick gave the following account of one of these battles in which he participated as a boy.

"One summer day I was with my band group, the Frozens. We expected we might be raided, so we had already prepared mud balls and were modeling clay figures—horses, buffalo, men, and so on—when the Upper Quarters gang attacked. We Frozens grabbed our sticks and mud balls and ran into a coulee and then turned on the Upper Quarters. As the latter approached they protected themselves by holding their robes up in front of their faces, since the mud balls were aimed at their heads. Jim Shortman happened to be the member of the Upper Quarters who was 'bravest' and in the lead. I aimed at him and Jim put up his robe and warded off the shot; but Dwarf, who was right beside me, threw a mud ball immediately after I had and hit Jim right in the eye, breaking the skin and knocking him down. When they saw the blood, Jim ran home and the others, especially Dwarf, were scared. When Dwarf saw Jim's father coming toward

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them, he was afraid to go to his own home, so he ran to a neighbor's. Jim's father found him there half-crying. He took Dwarf by the wrist and said: 'Come my friend.' He led him to his home and Dwarf thought he was going to be killed. On the contrary, however, Jim's father led him into his lodge and said: 'My friend, I am glad you made my boy cry. I have never laid a hand on him nor did I ever make him cry, and I'm glad you have done this.' He then gave Dwarf a big pile of meat and told him to eat as much as he liked and to take the rest home. As Dwarf was leaving Jim's father took a valuable Hudson's Bay blanket and cut it in two and gave him half saying: 'Here is this, use it for your blanket.' Then he took another half-blanket and said: 'Have your mother make leggins for you. Friend, I am glad you made my boy cry. I thank you for it. Now you can go home.' It just so happened, fortunately for Dwarf, that Jim Shortman was a beloved-child."[8]

857 578

Occasionally girls, or sometimes boys and girls together, formed a group in the evening to sing in front of the lodge of a rich family who they knew had such a specially loved child. The group danced and sang and then the woman of the lodge would invite them in. She would feed them and say that she was doing so in the name of that beloved-child.

857 533 [593]

Coming Daylight described how she joined groups who were going around the camp circle singing in front of the lodges of those who had returned successfully from a war party. This was before she was married and so she had to get permission from her grandmother. Mounted on a horse with a girl friend her own age, whose brother was supposed to keep an eye on them, they rode with the others. Singer admitted she had not participated in such singing parties when she was a child because she never had a horse to ride upon.

Much of the leisure time of children was seemingly spent in play which reflected the daily routine of adult life as well as many aspects of the life cycle. A group went quite far outside the camp circle, for instance, to play they were "married folk." If little boys went along with the girls, some would be "husbands," some "sons" and "sons-in-law." The "women" would tell their

857 524

[8] For details on the concept of the beloved-child, see Flannery, 1941.

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and spectacular war deed before she granted her favors to him.[9] If he returned, she was supposed to keep her word, accepting him as her lover. In the other type of situation, it was taken for granted that a woman would succumb to the pleas of a man who had publicly announced his intention of virtually committing suicide. Such a man, by singing the "brave-song" as he circled the camp, indicated that he would seize the first opportunity thereafter to encounter the enemy but make no effort to defend himself.[10]

According to a number of stories that are told, it was not uncommon that a woman committed suicide when her lover failed to return from war. That this actually happened, in some cases at least, is vouched for by the following factual account given by Singer. "White people, on one occasion, invited some Gros Ventres to visit them. All of the people, whose lodges were near to that of my grandmother, went, except one woman. This woman was scraping a skin when word was announced that a certain young man had been killed at war. My grandmother, noticing that the sound of scraping had stopped, thought that this woman was resting, and after a little while started over to visit her. On the way, however, she heard a shot, and when she got to that lodge she found that this woman was dead. She had first dressed herself nicely in her best clothes and had then shot herself, pulling the trigger of the gun by means of a string attached to her toe. My grandmother had suspected an affair between this woman and the young man who had lost his life at war, but she hadn't known for sure until this woman committed suicide. In those days a woman would have kept such an affair secret. (Now since women have the law to protect them from their husbands, wives just don't care and boldly run around with anybody they fancy and talk back to their husbands, and everybody knows all about it.) But anyway, that woman was a good worker,—she was working for her husband when that bad news came about the death of her lover,—and of course her husband mourned for her."

It was said that women who had been cast aside by their hus-

[9] "This custom is said to have led to the death of many young men," Kroeber, 1908, p. 180.

[10] For further details on the "brave-song," see p. 92.

2: Flannery E-5 (1940-1948) 1953
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837 578 bands, and whose families were indifferent to their conduct, were easy conquests for men, but sometimes caused a great deal of trouble. A woman like that usually had more difficulty in acquiring a good husband, and was jealous if her lover refused to take her as wife, yet married some other woman. Coming Daylight had an experience with one such woman. "My husband and I were living in a lodge with his mother and her husband and his two brothers, really cousins. My husband was a very handsome man and shortly after we were married, a woman whose lover he had been, came to that lodge and tried to get him to marry her too. When I saw that she was running after him I told him: 'You ought to take that woman. I can just make my bed on the other side of the fire [with the two cousins]!' But, knowing that she was the promiscuous kind, he didn't want her and refused her. She made her bed in our lodge anyway though and kept after him, but still he wouldn't have her. His mother told him one day: 'You might just as well marry her because she is a good worker and besides she had friends among the whites, so we could all eat!' My husband got mad then and told his mother what he thought of his former sweetheart. He even threatened to go off to war again if she didn't go away. The woman was right outside the lodge and heard what they said about her. She was so furious that she rushed in and dragged me out feet first so that all my clothes went up over my head. When I got up, she grabbed at my ear and pulled off my ear-ring—you can still see where she tore the flesh. Then she ran in the lodge again and started pounding on my husband. Finally, one of those unmarried relatives, who was not as particular as my husband, told her: 'Well, take your things over to that other lodge and I will move my things over there too.' So they lived as man and wife. I never tried to hit back at that woman and I didn't even talk about her, but I got even with her in a quiet way. One night at a dance, I took my husband by the arm and told him to dance with her. When she said: 'Oh, I have no use for him now—he is old,' I said in a loud voice: 'You would change your mind quick enough if I had asked him to sleep with you!' And everybody laughed and laughed at that woman because they knew how anxious she had been to have him."

837 It was said that when virtuous women refused improper ad-

and who was floating on the raft with the Flat Pipe, whether he may then have gone to the whites and taught them, too, how to pray; but all this he considers speculation only.

It should be emphasized that as previously noted, no sacrifices or prayers were ever offered by the Gros Ventres to Ni:həhat himself, nor, it may be here added, to Earthmaker. The Boy once said to his father, Lame Bull: "You talk so much about Ni:həhat. He was a superhuman. He should have been prayed to." "No," Lame Bull replied, "he never told the people to pray to him, but told them to pray to the Supreme Being. He was a man and not worthy to be prayed to."

Earthmaker was the human being, apparently a or the primeval keeper of the Flat Pipe, who knowing the earth was to be covered with water made a raft of logs on which he and the Flat Pipe floated during the great flood.[22] (See full story, No. 3 in Appendix.) Where he came from is unknown. Landing on a mountain top he there made dry land (not *the* earth, the terrestrial globe as such which already existed), and also made a man and woman. He gave the Flat Pipe into the keeping of the man he had made, and taught him the Flat Pipe rite, instructed him how to carry out the rite and to plant tobacco, and told the people how to worship the Supreme Being. The Flat Pipe rite has been known ever since that time. Earthmaker is mentioned only in the Flat Pipe rite. After giving the pipe and the above instructions, he disappeared, and what became of him, whether he died or not, is not known.

Ghosts were called tsë:k. Another name for ghosts was byi'te:' a word that "gives the impression like a hollow-eyed bleached-out skull." An occasional ancestral ghost became the guardian helper of a surviving relative.[23] Gambling power might also be gotten from a ghost. Most ghosts were in their own future abode and did not have any contact at all with the living. In general, apart

[22] He was not floating in the Pipe bowl; this is the Arapaho version.

[23] In 1948 The Boy explained: "Tciya:təwu:nitän (see p. 19) are not tsë:k; tsë:k is the opposite of everything good—you can cuss by calling someone tsë:k. Byi'te:' is even worse. The ancestral ghost is tsätsuwa'a, not tsë:k. Shadow, soul, spirit, echo is bətäto:u. [R.F.]

4: Flannery & Cooper E-5 (1939-1945) 1946
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525 572 578 538 *Narrative 1.* In 1893 two Gros Ventre, enemy friends to each other, Red Whip who died in 1912 and Many Tail Feathers, got into a gambling game with the wheel. Many Tail Feathers was losing and he got angry. He grabbed Red Whip and they had a rought-and-tumble tussle. They fell to the ground, with Red Whip on top, astraddle Many Tail Feathers. Red Whip drew his knife, cut off all of the other's hair, at which loss the latter cried while the people cheered a cheer of contempt. Red Whip acting as if he had scalped an enemy, threw the hair in the air, and said in the hearing of all: "What's the matter with you, my friend? You must have a weak heart. Look at me. This is what I did to my enemy [such and such a time]. You know all about it. I just wanted to show you that I am your superior in matters of this kind. But anyhow you can have that good horse of mine."

[115] *Narrative 2.* Lame Bull, father of The Boy, our chief informant on gambling, died in 1908 at the age of 83 or 84 years. Lame Bull, when still a fairly young man, a rising one with prospects of rising higher and higher in the prestige scale, had been chosen as an enemy friend by White Owl, an older man, and Lame Bull had, according to custom, accepted the offer. An offer of enemy friendship was on the one hand almost mandatory, and on the other, where it came from an outstanding man of great experience and ability, as in this case, it was a real honor to the recipient and would rarely be refused.

When Lame Bull and White Owl became enemy friends, they "started to act like two roosters" and were saying to themselves: "I am going to get you when you are off your guard." Both knew that at some time or another, sooner or later, they would have to do something to put their enemy friendship to the greatest test. After much sparring around, the two men engaged in a wheel game as just such a climactic test. At this game White Owl had a big reputation (besides all his other accomplishments), while Lame Bull had no reputation at all at it.

On this occasion Lame Bull wagered everything he owned, and all his wife's property, including their lodge. As it was customary at such events for the kinsmen of the respective players to bet on their kinsman, Lame Bull's father, together with other relatives wagered large stakes on him, although the father was strongly opposed on principle to such betting and had always counseled Lame Bull strenuously against it. More, however, than large amounts of property was at stake; the players' relative and absolute standing in the tribe hung upon the outcome. In the case of Lame Bull and White Owl, the former a younger man of great promise, the latter an older one of recognized prominence, the rivalry was keen and, in a very true sense, ruthless. The older man was jealous of his great reputation and did not want any one to get near him in prestige. He was trying to crush Lame Bull's rising career betimes lest later Lame Bull might outdo him. At the same time, White Owl stood to profit even if he lost, for he would still be attached as enemy friend to Lame Bull and would have reflected prestige from being the enemy friend of this rising man. He would thus profit inevitably by the latter's prestige.

Lame Bull lost everything in the contest, and, of course, his father and relatives lost heavily. White Owl's people tore down Lame Bull's lodge and took it away as winnings and took everything in it, even down to the dishes of Lame Bull's wife. At the end of the playing, Lame Bull was an object of charity and a laughing stock.

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About the only thing that earned him a bit of recognition was the fact that in spite of his loss of property and of status—to have recognition at all you had to have some possessions to hold and to give away in presents—and in spite of the strutting and crowing and twitting by the winner and his followers after the playing was over, Lame Bull did not lose his temper. 525 572 578 538

When the playing ended, Lame Bull had nothing of his own except his wife. So his father and mother invited them to eat. Downcast, embarrassed, ashamed, "feeling like a small potato," he ate. When he had finished, his father gave him such a tongue lashing that Lame Bull, who was very fond of his father, cried, and Lame Bull was a strong man who did not easily cry. He felt so bad that he went out on the hills and cried and cried, and slept out there, and came back a pretty sorry young man. And for a long time after, his wife, who also was one of his enemy friends, would throw this up to him: "Oh, you are nothing. You were always weak. Look what your enemy friend did to you. You will never amount to anything." And she would say such things to him especially when others were present. So she set about training him. At any rate Lame Bull was cured of gambling by his great loss to White Owl.

As time went on, Lame Bull recovered from the defeat which might have wrecked for good the career of another. His people had given him enough property to make a new start in life. He would invite White Owl to his lodge and give him big feasts and would make valuable presents of horses and such things to him. And White Owl would make a mental note of these things and would say to himself: "All right, my friend, you wait and see what I will do for you", awaiting the proper time to reciprocate, as was Gros Ventre custom. So a long time afterwards White Owl made very valuable presents to Lame Bull. And they were very good friends.

Narrative 3. Long ago, the story runs, a young Gros Ventre warrior went off alone on a war raid. He got to a mountain, and after nightfall went into a cave to camp overnight. On feeling around in the darkness he found some one else there, and said to himself: "An enemy." To make sure he asked by touching the skin of the other's forearm. The other by wiggling his finger on the Gros Ventre's chest signified: "I am a Snake Indian." So the Gros Ventre took the Snake's hand and made the sign of "big belly" to signify: "I am a Gros Ventre." 525 648 538

The Gros Ventre then said to the Snake: "Let's not fight tonight. You go to sleep and I'll go to sleep. Tomorrow morning we'll see what we'll do." But being afraid of each other, neither slept at all during the night.

The next morning the Gros Ventre asked the Snake: "Friend, where were you going?" He replied: "On the war path." "Alone?" "Yes, all alone." The Snake then asked the same questions and got the same answers. Then the Gros Ventre said: "We are both alone. Instead of killing each other, let's gamble with the wheel. The loser loses his scalp to the winner."

So they started to play, with such things as bow and arrows and clothing for stakes, and the Snake won everything from the Gros Ventre. Then the Gros Ventre proposed: "Friend, you stake all you have won, in a lump, against my scalp," and this was agreed upon. At this point the Gros Ventre got afraid he would lose, so

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part and as good sports, but actual behavior not infrequently fell short of the code's demands. Bad feeling was at times engendered and could and did end in blows and violence, as was noted earlier in our account of the wheel game. Quarrels among gambling boys must have been fairly common. One of our informants, Thick, recounted three different bow and arrow contests for arrows, in which contests he had engaged as a boy with other boys. All three ended in violence started by the losers. In one of the three set-tos, Thick, the winner, was shot in the hand with an arrow by the other boy who lost his temper, and Thick still, at the age of 75, carries the scar. That the Gros Ventre were perfectly aware, as of course they must have been, of the discord hazard in gambling, is clear from such counsel as, for example, Thick's mother used to give him when he was a boy: "If you join in those gambling games somebody is going to get mad on account of getting beaten and he may pound you up." Further, that gambling often led to bad feeling was given to us by The Boy as the reason why the Gros Ventre disapproved of gambling between relatives.

So far as we could make out, Gros Ventre attitudes on gambling were determined in only minor measure by economic considerations. In the days before the disappearance of the buffalo in 1883-84, the Gros Ventre lived under a normal economy of abundance. Moreover, generosity in parting with their possessions, through gift and sharing, was focal in code and practice. Criers around the camp would counsel the people in words such as: "Men and women, don't love your property. You will always acquire other property. Only life never comes back, but property you can have back any time." In the long run for most individuals winnings would balance losses, just as gifts tended to balance gifts—a system which incidentally must have served to prevent unhealthy accumulation of wealth in the hands of any individual or small group. The cases of really ruinous loss of property through gambling, of reduction to "pauperism," appear to have been rare, and even in these cases the losers would ordinarily be looked after temporarily and tided over by their kin or friends. At any rate we got no record of individuals or their dependents suffering grave privation of the necessities of life as a result of gambling losses.

How far such facts entered into the Gros Ventre attitude toward gambling cannot be determined confidently from such evidence as we have. In our hours of free discussion with informants, there was almost no intimation of economic considerations leading to disapproval. One of the themes in the tongue-lashing Lame Bull got from his father after the disastrous contest with White Owl may have been the economic, but this was not expressly stated by The Boy. Mrs Warrior kept away from gambling because, she said: "I liked what I had and

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the shots and went later to see what happened, and there I saw her lying across the fire; her dress had burned off and her body was all shriveled. They weren't satisfied to kill her, but they burned her too!" She maintained her attitude and all the scolding from her relatives was of no avail.

Before turning to her adult life, we may refer to another instance which illustrates Coming Daylight's sensitivity to the suffering of others. In the Sacrifice Lodge, which is the Gros Ventre version of the well-known Plains Sun Dance, one of the important features was the spectacular self-torture which the active participants underwent. Each one had a sliver of wood embedded in the flesh of his chest. To the wood was tied a line, the other end of which was fastened high on the center-pole of the lodge. The man, leaning back so that the line was taut, went back and forth until finally the sliver was torn from his flesh. Meanwhile the women cheered on their relatives by "rattling their tongues," singing war songs, and the like, by way of encouraging the men to be brave and see the thing through. Coming Daylight was quite a young child when she first witnessed this performance. She remembered vividly her reaction when one of the young men, in his exhaustion, went to the center-pole and, putting his arms around it, wept aloud. She was not able to stand it any longer and rushed home crying. Her grandmother was very angry with her for leaving in the middle of the performance, but all the little girl could say was: "Oh, I just pitied that young man," and she could not be induced to return to the dance lodge. We may add here that actually in later years she did not participate in the Sacrifice Lodge even so far as women were allowed to do so.

The examples we have given are sufficient to show, I believe, that Coming Daylight had developed as a child a very strong set against violence, against painful and dangerous experiences. She refused medicine power from supernatural sources not only because it was dangerous but also because it involved a kind of physical activity which was repugnant to her. She refused to mutilate herself and was extremely sensitive to painful experiences in others. Her actual deviations from the patterns of accepted or approved behavior all tended in this same direction against violence. Her adult behavior likewise was consistent with this trend in her personality.

In consonance with her feeling against physical violence Coming Daylight avoided as far as possible the rough-and-tumble play in which brother-in-law and sister-in-law were free to, and indeed expected to, indulge. Other women told with glee how they enjoyed "getting even" with their brothers-in-law by, for instance, pushing them when fully clothed into the river, or dumping bucketfuls of water over their heads when they least expected it, and so on; but Coming Daylight admitted without hesitation that she didn't like that sort of thing and never attempted to retaliate even when her brothers-in-law succeeded in playing jokes on her. Similarly while it was not unusual for women rivals to actively fight over a man, she refrained from such undignified behavior, although it must be admitted that she had enough provocation on at least one occasion of which she told me. She had just married a man who was described by others as something of a gay Lothario. A woman who had been trying to force her attentions on him was furious when she heard of the marriage. She rushed to the lodge and pulled Coming Daylight out feet first, yelling insults the while. When the latter regained her feet she made no attempt to hit back even though the other slapped her and pulled off an earring, tearing the lobe of the ear. Coming Daylight, however, bided her time and soon was able to make an opportunity for an exchange of words with the woman at a big social dance.

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Her final rejoinder was such a witty and pointed one that everyone laughed heartily at her rival's expense. In this culture, of course, public ridicule was a far more effective retaliation than the biting and scratching that other women said frankly they would have indulged in when attacked.

Expression of emotional excess was institutionalized for the Gros Ventres, as for the rest of the Plains, in the bereavement situation. Upon the death of a husband, son, or father, a woman was expected to start wailing as soon as she heard the news, have her hair cut off, discard good clothes for old ragged ones, gash her arms and legs, go to the hills to mourn and cry, resisting for a time the pleas of her relatives to return, and being watched lest she attempt suicide. Coming Daylight was only a young woman when she was first widowed and the mourning pattern was still in full vogue. It is certain from other evidence than Coming Dayling had a deep affection for this husband to whom she had been given as a child-bride and in whose kindly and indulgent treatment she had found a pleasant escape from the rigorous discipline of her grandmother. Nevertheless the public expression of her grief was minimal—no abandonment for her. Although her sister was sent on the hills with her to keep watch over her in the usual way, Coming Daylight was easily persuaded to return shortly though she herself was proud of the fact that she had stayed out so long that she actually had got a frozen toe! In later years when all that was left of the ritual was the wailing out on the hills, she lost the son whom she herself, and everybody else, acknowledged as her favorite. She had not been on the hills very long when she experienced a significant dream, as follows. She was in a lodge at the rear of which was a big pile of tobacco mixture and a pipe. The owner of the lodge filled the pipe and approached her. She was frightened because she didn't smoke. The owner of the lodge however told her: "Look at these people." She looked and saw many with their hair cut and their bodies bleeding from the gashes inflicted in grief. The man then told her: "That is in the past. Nowadays your only consolation is in smoking." So she accepted the pipe and, after smoking it, she was painted in ceremonial fashion by each of those other mourners. Then the owner of the lodge dismissed her saying: "Now, go home and don't ever go on the hills and mourn again. But always smoke if you want to." She went home right after this dream and when she told her husband of it he accepted it as valid and persuaded her sister to prepare for Coming Daylight her first real smoke. She maintained that the habit subsequently developed was actually a great comfort to her.

The final area with which we shall be concerned here is the war complex—a vital aspect of the old Plains culture. Gros Ventre women were allowed direct but limited participation in these activities in the sense that, while they would not join a party of men who were going on horse-raiding or revenge expeditions, if opportunity offered they might exhibit the same kind of bravery that a man should show and derive considerable status therefrom. For instance, if one of the enemy fell nearby, the women rushed out from camp to count coup, and to grab trophies with which to inaugurate the relationship known as "enemy-friends." Coming Daylight, however, was never one to indulge in this sport. She told of the one—and to her extremely distasteful—occasion on which her hand literally was forced. It seems that during a raid on their camp one of the enemy was shot and her husband scalped him. The victim was lying not far from her lodge and, as her husband dashed off to pursue the rest of the Assiniboine, he shouted for her to come out and see what was going on. Coming Daylight saw the man lying there, face down, covered with blood. He was not dead